The Cherokee War.

When the revolution of 1835 took place in Texas, all of what we now term North Texas was without a single white inhabitant, if we except a handful in what is now Red River county. The heart of East Texas, as it is now, was then the home of one branch of the Cherokee Indians and "their twelve associate bands," the Delawares, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and others who had migrated there from 1822 to 1829. They had cabins, fields, cattle, horses, and other attendants of civilization, and were both numerous and formidable. "The Bowl," or Colonel Bowles, was the chief man of the Cherokees, and ranked as the highest dignitary among the associate bands.

During the incipiency of the revolution—September, 1835, to April, 1836—grave apprehensions were felt, lest through Mexican emissaries, known to be among them, these Indians might be hurled upon us in the rear, the effect of which would have been disastrous to our cause and destructive to large portions of our families.

To prevent this, Sam. Houston, John Forbes, of Nacogdoches, and Dr. John Cameron, were commissioned by the provisional government to treat with them, and, if possible, secure their neutrality. They succeeded, but not to such an extent as to inspire confidence in the fidelity of the Indians. As Houston retreated east, our families were completely at the mercy of these tribes. It was at this critical moment—Houston, with eight or nine hundred men falling back before Santa Anna with seven or eight thousand—our families, from the Trinity to the Sabine dragging along the margin of the Cherokees, that the noble-hearted Maj. Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, U. S. A., with five hundred United States dragoons, crossed the Sabine and took position at Nacogdoches, determined, if one Texas woman or child should fall by these Indians, to throw his force upon the assailants. It is certain, no matter what the Indians intended, that this bold move of the fearless old soldier and patriot at once determined them to remain neutral. A few days, and the victory of San Jacinto removed all danger, and Gaines withdrew to Fort Jessup, Louisiana, reporting his conduct, and the reasons therefor, to President Jackson, whose glorious old heart responded—Amen! The memory of Gaines should be dear to all Texans, and it will be as our children become familiar with our history.

But the seeds of suspicion and discord between the whites and Indians still existed. Isolated murders and lesser outrages began to show themselves soon afterward. The Pearce family, the numerous family of the Killoughs and others, were ruthlessly murdered. Gen. Houston interposed his potential voice and influence to allay the excitement and preserve peace. He had great influence with the Cherokees, and did all in his power to stay the tide. But, just as his first presidency was drawing to a close, Gen. Rusk, chief militia officer of the republic, fought and won a bloody victory over the Kickapoos and others in November, 1838. Gen. Lamar came into the presidency a little later, already in deep sympathy with the feelings of the people, which had been fanned into a flame by the savage massacre of the Killough family, and other acts of cruelty.

Exhausting all reasonable efforts at reconciliation, or instead, the removal of the Indians from the very heart of East Texas, President Lamar resolved on war. Once determined, no time was lost. Gen. Kelsey H. Douglass, of the east, was ordered to raise the militia. Gen. Thomas J. Rusk, of Nacogdoches, called to his standard a band of volunteers. Col. Edward Burleson, with a regiment of regulars and some volunteers, was ordered to move from the west.

He was accompanied by Vice President David G. Burnet, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, secretary of war, and Col. Hugh McLeod, adjutant general, who, under instructions, made a last effort to avert a bloody issue, but in vain. Chas. A. Ogsbury, of the Indianola *Bulletin*, was also in the expedition.

On the 12th of July, 1839, this combined force of regulars, militia and volunteers attacked the associate Indians in a strong position. The contest was long and stubborn, and many acts of heroic daring were displayed on either side. The Indians at length yielded, but only to fall back and secure a better position. On the 13th they were pursued some miles, and found ready for battle in heavy woods. The scenes of the previous day were re-enacted. "The Bowl" was slain, and many Cherokee and other Indians fell. The Texan loss was considerable. President Burnet, Gen. Johnson, Col. McLeod and Maj. Kaufman (afterwards our distinguished congressman) were wounded. The Indians were routed, and sought shelter in the dense bottoms of the Trinity.

And thus ended the last contest between the Texans and Indians in East Texas. The power of the associate bands was broken. Our volunteer troops were disbanded, and the regulars resumed their stations on the western borders. "The Bowl" was succeeded by his son, John Bowles, and The Egg, both well known as leaders among their people. With the remnant of the Cherokees, and some of the other tribes, they spent some months in the wilderness higher up the Trinity, while a portion of their former followers took refuge among their kindred west of Arkansas.

In the fall, John Bowles and The Egg undertook to lead their followers into Mexico, passing entirely above the settlements. But it so happened that Col. Burleson was then on a campaign against the wild tribes, with a force of regulars and a few volunteers. He struck the Cherokee trail, followed it and attacked them near the mouth of the San Saba, in the valley of the Colorado, on Christmas day, 1839. John Bowles, The Egg, and many warriors were killed, and twenty-seven women and children captured. This decided victory fell with crushing force on the remnant of the powerful bands who had for so long a time held sway in East Texas. Their power was destroyed, and those left sought refuge also among their kindred west of Arkansas.

In thus hastily calling to mind these decisive events, as an interesting chapter in our history, especially to our fellow-citizens of a later day, it is proposed to say that they are written wholly from memory, without access to any paper or record to refresh the recollection. We can not distinctly locate the fields of action, though they are well known to the people of Smith, Rusk, Cherokee, Anderson and other counties, which now teem with a thriving population, on the soil then occupied by the Cherokees and their twelve associate bands.

Hints to Subscribers.

Always be careful to omit the name of the state from your address. The publisher is supposed to know the state in which every subscriber lives. It is useful sometimes to sign your name, but if the publisher does not recognize your handwriting and enter your name correctly at once, he ought to resign and give way to some one who can.

If you have a torn or doubtful bill, that you haven't the courage even to put in the contribution box, send it along. The publisher has peculiar facilities for selling defaced currency and counterfeit bills at a premium.

If for any reason you do not receive your paper promptly, write the publisher a sharp letter. Call him a swindler, or some similar pleasant epithet. It indicates true Christian forbearance on your part and produces an agreeable effect on him.

If you inclose (by mistake) a stamp for reply, paste it carefully and firmly on the letter. The effort to remove without destroying is sure to make the publisher s—mile.

Be careful not to prepay your letter. It affords the publisher infinite delight at a cost of only six cents to send to the Dead Letter Office for it.

If disposed to prepay at all, put on a one cent stamp. This enables the publisher to pay five cents more on receipt of the letter, and his happiness will be incomplete without it.

Always take it for granted that the subscribers never make any mistake, and that the publisher is responsible for all errors and delays.

If a mail car is destroyed by fire, charge it on the publisher. If a heavy storm delays the train, charge it on the publisher. If there is a miscarriage of any kind, charge it on the publisher. And the severer the language used, the greater the enjoyment.

A violation of any of these rules by some folks will cause great surprise to publishers, and take away much of their pleasantest enjoyment.

When Charlie Lee, a Chinaman, was sentenced to be hanged, the other day, by Judge Bellinger, of Portland, Oregon, he thanked the judge, and with a bright smile that only the dignity of the court prevented from becoming a hearty peal of laughter, said: "You have got the wrong man. "That is so," gravely assented the judge, "but I have passed the right sentence."

Wanted, 50,000 Young Men.

Yes, we want, the country wants, 50,000 young men or more, to engage in progressive agriculture. Though soil culture employs more than half the people of the country who are engaged in any useful employments, all other ranks of industry are better filled than this. Agriculture furnishes the raw material for nearly all our manufacturers, yet while the factories and work-shops are overburdened with skilled laborers, the harvest fields are too often worked by the poorest labor that strolls the highways. Educated mechanics, formerly successful merchants, and highly intelligent manufacturers are seeking employment by hundreds, but find the ranks of their callings full, while agriculture has plenty of room for such men. Thousands of young men "are adrift in the large cities," as has been very aptly stated, "simply because they can do nothing that anybody wants done," but let them go to the farms of the country and they will find abundant opportunity for intelligent, willing labor; at low wages, it is true, but sure to result in wealth and happiness, a thousand times better than the precarious existence they maintain in the city. If the trades and professions have no employment for the myriads of idle hands, the farm can furnish enough for all. The unoccupied lands of the West, the abandoned farms of the South, the many neglected fields all over the East, all offer opportunities for every idle man in the country to gain bread, clothing, shelter, and ultimate comfort and happiness; for out of the soil comes all we eat and wear. It is the unemployed, intelligent, active workmen that can find useful employment on the farm. And to intelligent young men, and active men out of business, but possessing some capital, from $1,000 upward, agriculture holds out tempting promises, and promises that she will fulfill to those who work for them. There are few farmers more successful than the merchant who conducts his farming on the same prudent yet intelligent business principles that gave him success in trade. It is a pleasant fact to contemplate, that over four and one half million acres of new land were actually occupied by settlers in the Western States during the last fiscal year, and especially pleasant when we consider that the settlers were not emigrants from foreign countries, as in former years, except to a small degree, but were mostly from the overcrowded Eastern cities—many of the class above described. The real estate dealers make the statement, also, that the demand for small farms in the Eastern States has never been so great as within the past year or two. This movement tends to an improved condition of affairs for the whole nation, and we hope it will go on until the old and proper balance between city and country is restored. But to the young men just coming upon the stage of action, agriculture offers special attractions. There is great need among farmers of more education in those branches of science that pertain to the breeding and treatment of animals, fertilizing the soil, growing plants, and all the various phases of the calling. Those men who are familiar with the advancing thought and practice of the time, and bring the most intelligence to their work, are the most successful farmers of to-day. So it will be in the future to even a greater degree, and those farmers and others who desire their sons to become successful, leading agriculturists, and prominent in public affairs, should see to it that these young men receive as good intellectual training as those who intend to embark in those callings that are universally admitted to require a liberal education. Veterinary medicine, agricultural manufacturing and trade, and even agricultural journalism, are also open fields to young men educated in agricultural science and practice. Last month, we gave an example of what a college-educated man had accomplished, by bringing his mental faculties, disciplined by study, to bear upon a worn out farm, and then upon improvements in dairying and even in pork-raising. There are multitudes of other similar illustrations. Like results usually follow like causes.—*Am. Agriculturist for February.*

The Marshal Ney Romance.

A special dispatch to the *Inter-Ocean*, printed on Tuesday morning, announced that new facts had come to light, bearing on the romantic story which assumes that Marshal Ney, the popular hero of the French army in Napoleon Bonaparte's time, and the commander of the Old Guard at Waterloo, died an exile in North Carolina. This story, with some modifications and unimportant additions, comes up at regular intervals to lay hold on the sympathy and imagination of those who delight in mystery, and who find in the career of the dashing French Marshal all the charms of a romantic narrative. As this is the case, the latest contribution, as to the possibilities of the Marshal's life in America, will interest many readers.

History paints Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of Moskva, as the ideal soldier, as the "bravest of the brave." He was among Napoleon's favorites, and distinguished himself in all the great battles of the Napoleonic era. When the Emperor abdicated, Ney formally accepted the Bourbon dynasty, but when Bonaparte returned from Elba, the marshal joined his old leader, and was with him to the last. When the allies occupied Paris after Waterloo, Ney was arraigned before the chamber of peers on the charge of treason. He was pronounced guilty, and was publicly shot in the garden of the Luxembourg, December 7, 1815. Ten balls, it was said, entered his body, and death was instantaneous. The people, the soldiers, and the officials present all knew Marshal Ney, and there could be no question as to the identity of the man executed.

A few months after this execution, or in January, 1816, a distinguished looking Frenchman landed at Charleston, South Carolina. This man bore so striking a resemblance to Marshal Ney that Philip Petrie, one of his old soldiers, employed on the vessel recognized him, and accosted him as his old commander. The stranger, without admitting or denying his identity, said gruffly, "Marshal Ney was shot in Paris, sir," and kept to his cabin during the remainder of the voyage. The North Carolina correspondent gives Petrie's residence, if living, as Evanston, Illinois, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, or Detroit, Michigan.

The Frenchman who resembled Marshal Ney, went from South Carolina to North Carolina in 1824, where he was known as Peter Stuart Ney. He taught school for many years, and was well known in Iredell county. Several times, when under the influence of wine, he spoke of himself as Marshal Ney, and enlarged upon the incidents of his army career. On one occasion he told the story of the supposed execution, and said that the soldiers detailed to shoot him had private instructions to aim high. They fired above him, but he fell, and the attending physicians, being in the conspiracy, pronounced him dead, and turned the body over to his friends. He was conveyed to Bordeaux, from whence he sailed to America.

On one occasion the North Carolina Ney was visited by a mysterious stranger, who received from him many documents. When he received the news of the death of Napoleon's son, the Duke Reichstad, in 1832, he was in the school room. He lost his self-control, and, after a passionate outburst, said: "The Prince Imperial is dead and my hopes are blasted." He dismissed the school and remained in his room several days, destroying in the meantime a large number of private papers. In verses, written in an album years later, he put in words his disappointment, and the growing hope that he would be recalled to France.

On one occasion, when drunk, he was laid across a horse to be carried home. This aroused him from a stupor, and he exclaimed: "What! put the Duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack! Let me down!"

Peter Stuart Ney removed to Rowan county, North Carolina, where he died in 1846. In his fits of dilirium he raved about his old comrades and the old battles. Among his last words were: "Bessieres has fallen, and the Old Guard is defeated—now let me die." He died October 14, 1846, and the remains were interred in the graveyard of the Third Creek meeting house.

The day before a Turkish girl is married she is taken to the bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterwards her husband breaks the whole sugar-bowl over her head.

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not: "And he shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and shall not be satisfied."

WIT AND WISDOM.

An honest man is the lonliest work of God.

Positive, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, get it yourself.

None but the braves deserve the hair, is how the aborigine puts it.

Proverb—People who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds.

The sausage is the only species of ground-hog that does not hibernate in the winter.

There are three good aids to the devil in this life—poverty, politics and the toothache.

A shoemaker's wife out West calls her husband "Sequel," because he is "always at the last."

Resumption makes a man run all over town to find a despised 50-cent note to send in a letter.

Books are man's best friends. They never go back on him when he lends them to a neighbor.

Epitaph on a punster who hung himself: "He is gone. He has perpetrated his last choke."

It is easy to bamboozle the hotelkeepers in Japan, where the houses are made of bamboo.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps on a barrel-hoop.

A lady in Binghampton says that if Bob Ingersoll had the right sort of wife he wouldn't be in doubt about hell.

At Exeter, N. H., last Tuesday, Ambrose Card was divorced from Mary A. Card. No more cards.

The married man who goes away from home to visit the club-room sometimes has the club broom visit him on his return.

Somebody writes to a rural paper to know "how long cows should be milked." Why the same as short ones, of course!

A Brattleborough paper records the marriage of John Sard and Mary Dean. And now they are Sard-Deans, only two in a box.

A Philadelphia firm has just contracted to construct a railway and canal in Mexico, which will open Matamoras to trade.

A Newark printer who recently married a woman nearly twice his avordupois explained that he could never resist a "fat take."

A contemporary tells "how to utilize old fruit cans." Give a boy a string and a strange dog and he needs no further directions.

"Yes, I'm a good dancer," said the barber, as he sheared off the blonde locks of a customer. "See me clip the light, fantastic tow."

"Rock of ages left for me," sang a young married man who was set to rocking the baby the other night while his wife prepared tea.

A student inquiring for Prometheus Unbound at a certain bookstore recently, was informed that they only kept the bound copies.

In a confidential conversation with a reporter, the other day, the Czar said: "I am going to fight it out on this line if it Turks all summer."

A correspondent wishes to know if we are the author of the "American Encyclopædia." Well, no—no; not exactly the author of it. We killed the canvasser, however, if that is what you mean.—[Hawkeye.

Go ask that rare and radiant maid
Whose jaws just fairly hum,
What thus she madly masticates,
And her rosy lips are dumb;
She cannot choose a husband yet,
Therefore she chews her gum,

It is easier for a needle to pass thro' the eye of a camel than it is for a young women in a fur-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fir is more than mere border.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. Upon being asked for an explanation, he replied: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing stores be?"

Some men are endowed with the clinging nature of cobwebs, and like them are continually hanging around the house until cleared out by the end of a well-balanced broom with an industrious fiend at the other end.

"It's strange that you should have grown so fickle of late, my dear," said Mrs. Mie to her husband, "for in earlier years you were as staid as could be—you never came to see me but you stayed till twelve or one o'clock."

"Can a man belong to a brass band and be a christian?" asks an exchange. We see no impediment in the way. But if he is given to practising at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a christian.

It is all very well to talk about economy but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

"Did you ever," asked a brother humorist of Josh Billings, "stand at the hall door after your lecture, and listen to what the people said about it as they passed out?" Replied Josh, "I did—once (a pause and a sigh), but I'll never do it again.